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From Spies, Terms of Arraignment

The toughest thing about catching a spy is seeing that he gets the punishment he deserves. As soon as one is arrested, his attorney starts bargaining for a lighter sentence in exchange for the fink's revealing how much information he turned over to the other side.

"Hello, Justice Department? This is Mat O'Hara representing Collard Cosmos, the weasel who sold the plans for the Stealth bomber to the Bulgarians. What kind of deal are you offering us?"

"We don't negotiate plea bargains for spies, O'Hara. Your guy sold out his country, and the government intends to hang him by the neck until he is dead."

"You better think it over. Except for the Stealth bomber, you have no idea what secrets Collard walked away with, and we have no intention of telling you if you keep demanding a pound of flesh."

"We're not talking about some two-bit code clerk, O'Hara. Cosmos is the biggest fish we've caught in years. We intend to put him in the freezer for life."

"What if I were to tell you that my client is willing to name over 120 people in the U.S. government who are still on the KGB payroll?"

"O'Hara, did it ever occur to you that we may not want to know who they are? The more spies the government uncovers, the worse we look in Washington. Every time we arrest somebody, Congress wants to know why it took us so long to flush him out. We reject your offer for the list of KGB agents, and we're still holding the position that Cosmos has to serve a minimum of 20 years."

"Would it whet your appetite if I told you my client smuggled blueprints of 'Star Wars' in Nancy Reagan's cosmetic case when she went to Geneva?"

"That's impossible."

"Here are the films of Gorbachev switching cosmetic cases with Nancy at the airport. My client knows the whole story and will tell you how he did it for a reduced sentence."

"The law is the law. Every person in this country must be punished according to his crime. In this case Cosmos has to do at least seven years for compromising the security of the nation."

"Apparently you don't realize what a predicament you're in. You people have spies coming out of your ears, and spies

coming out of your socks. If you don't show mercy to Cosmos, I'll advise him to remain mum about the nuclear-submarine codes that he has stashed away in a pumpkin in the northeast part of the United States."

"What sub codes?"

"I can't say because we might have to sell them to another country for legal expenses if you make us go to trial."

"O'Hara, we have an open-and-shut case on your client committing treason. No matter what information you say he can turn over to us, he still will have to rot for 30 days in the county jail."

"I can't believe my ears. Collard made one lousy mistake of selling his country down the river, and when he says he's sorry and offers to make amends, your response is that he spend a month behind bars."

"What do *you* think Cosmos should get for cooperating with us?"

"It wouldn't bother me if you charged him with one count of failing to curb his dog."

"The government can live with that. We were afraid you were going to hold out for the Congressional Medal of Honor."

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